

Cherry on Top by KyluxFicHell

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Summary:

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“No big deal?” Billy croaks, and yeah, his eyes are definitely stinging.
“I just...before we even.”

“I know.” The softness is back in Steve’s eyes. “And I don’t care. It happens to every guy.”

Not to me, is what Billy wants to say. Sex is supposed to be the one thing he’s good at, but he can’t even do that right.

Cherry on Top

Billy isn't a romantic, not by a long shot, but he does expect their first time to be...*special*.

It had taken them months to get to this point. Weeks of making out in the back of Billy's car, nervous hand jobs and sloppy blow jobs and nights of Billy jacking himself off imagining all the other things he wanted to do to Steve...

Steve.

He looks down and sees Steve gazing back at him with trusting eyes, his smile soft and reassuring. And in that moment Billy wonders if maybe he does have a romantic bone in his body, because Steve looks *so beautiful* with his bare skin flushed and his stupid Farrah Fawsett hair messed up all over the place-

“Billy.”

Steve lifts his head to place a kiss on Billy's jaw. His lips are warm and the contact with Billy's skin makes his heart pound dangerously.

Yeah, Steve is special alright.

“Are you gonna stare at me all day?” Steve says quietly, “or are you gonna fuck me?”

Billy doesn't think it's possible but his dick gets even harder.

“I'm gonna fuck you, Princess.” The softness of his own voice scares him a little so he grinds his hips against Steve's, rutting against the other boy's thigh.

Steve's moan is delicious. “Billy. Please. You can't just finger my ass for twenty minutes and leave me like this. Fuck me.”

Billy doesn't need to be told twice.

“Fuck yeah, baby.” Billy slots himself between the other boy's legs and lifts Steve's thigh to allow himself access. “Love it when you beg

for my dick.”

He positions himself by Steve’s entrance and meets the other boy’s eyes one last time, just to make sure. Just to make sure Steve still wants this, that this isn’t some big joke, that he won’t turn round and see everyone he’s ever known laughing at him because he’s been so stupid to think someone like Steve could want a guy like Billy-

But all he sees is the same patient, reassuring gaze that has already brought him so far.

Steve is special alright.

Billy takes a deep breath and nudges forward, warmth engulfing the tip of his dick as he gently works his way into Steve’s body. He keeps his eyes fixed on Steve’s for any sign of pain or discomfort, because this isn’t a goddamn blowjob where they’re dicking around in the back of his car, and he’s so glad they waited for this and they’re doing it properly.

“You ok?” Billy breathes, leaning down to mouth at Steve’s neck.

“Yeah,” Steve gasps. “Yeah, I’m good. Just...feels weird. Keep going though. Slow.”

It takes all of Billy’s self restraint to work Steve open slowly, because all he wants to do is fuck the other boy into the mattress until his voice is hoarse with screaming Billy’s name. It feels incredible- Steve is warm and tight and *perfect*-

Finally, after what seems like an eternity, Billy bottoms out.

He’s had sex with girls before, but somehow this feels different. It’s like Billy’s heart is wired to his dick, and when Steve gives him a breathless little smile and spreads his legs wider he’s sure he’s going to come.

“Gonna give you the fucking of your life, Princess,” Billy rasps, but all the confidence has gone from his voice because for the first time in his life he’s really not sure if he can deliver.

Steve grips Billy’s shoulders, and lifts one of his legs to hook around

Billy, pulling him closer and deeper-

-and Billy barely even moves before it happens.

He feels that familiar warmth bloom at the pit of his stomach and before he can process what's going on he's shuddering and collapsing on top of Steve.

Steve doesn't say anything for a minute, doesn't move. He just holds Billy as he collapses in Steve's arms, breathless and gasping.

There's a moment of terrifying, awkward silence that seems to drag on for an eternity.

"Um." Steve lays a gentle hand on Billy's sweaty back. "Billy? You ok?"

Billy doesn't answer. He just keeps his head buried in the juncture between Steve's neck and shoulder, blinking back tears of shame.

"Billy? C'mon man, it's ok. Don't worry about it."

And that's perhaps the most painful thing about this whole experience- not that Billy has failed so spectacularly to make this special, but that Steve is being so *nice* about it.

Billy pulls out a little harsher than he'd intended and the sharp hiss of pain that Steve gives makes him wince a little. He can't bring himself to apologise though as he all he wants to do is get away so Steve can't see the tears that are threatening to fall.

"Billy." Steve is sitting up now, concern evident on his face.

Billy ignores him as he pulls off the condom and tosses it away as quickly as possible to remove the evidence of his failure. He doesn't even bother wiping himself as he starts to pull on his clothes, desperate to get away and get out of this room.

"Billy," Steve says a little more forcefully, "really, it's no big deal."

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goddamn beautiful Steve is.

“No big deal?” Billy croaks, and yeah, his eyes are definitely stinging.
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“I know.” The softness is back in Steve’s eyes. “And I don’t care. It happens to every guy.”

Not to me, is what Billy wants to say. Sex is supposed to be the one thing he’s good at, but he can’t even do that right.

He feels Steve taking one of his hands and pulling him back towards the bed, and Billy lets himself fall back down in his unbuckled jeans and lets Steve kiss him chastely on the lips- once, twice, and a third time-

“It’s just sex.” Steve kisses him on the jaw.

“Is it?” The words come out of Billy’s mouth before he’s had a chance to think, and he deliberately doesn’t meet Steve’s eyes.

Steve stills for a moment and his brown eyes widen, and god, *Billy loves those eyes*-

“If you’re talking about *this*,” Steve gestures between them, “then no. It’s not just sex. Not to me anyway.” He looks hopeful then, and gives one of his small grins, as if he thinks Billy might say some more sentimental shit.

When he doesn’t though, Steve’s smile fades a little and he carries on. “That’s why this doesn’t matter. It’s more than just sex. And we’ll get the sex part right, we just need a bit of practice. Give yourself a break.”

Steve has this way of sucking all the rage and frustration right out of Billy’s very core. He has a way of doing that when Billy has a bad night at home and all he wants to do is break something. Billy would probably have broken a lot more than he has already if it weren’t for Steve.

“If you say so, Harrington.”

It's a name Billy hasn't used in a long time and it feels strange on his tongue, but right now he needs Steve to be *Harrington*, otherwise he'll end up saying shit he's not quite ready to say. Even *Princess* has become an endearment rather than an insult.

Steve seems to accept that Billy needs some distance for the time being, because he doesn't push it any further.

Instead of leaving though, Billy takes off his jeans and they lay in bed together and listen to music like they normally would, and the shame and embarrassment he'd felt earlier fades away gradually throughout the evening.

When he wakes up the next morning with his nose buried in Steve's hair, Billy knows he would humiliate himself every single night if it meant he could wake up like this every day.

The next time they try, they decide to take a different strategy.

"This is weird," Steve laughs nervously, as he tentatively lowers himself onto Billy's cock. He braces himself on Billy's chest, and Billy holds Steve's hips to steady him.

"You're doing great. You look so fucking hot right now, Steve."

Steve gives another laugh, his cheeks and neck flushed all the way down to his nipples, as he begins to slowly ride Billy's dick. Billy lets his hands fall from the other boy's hips to grip his ass, and feels his confidence rise as a few minutes pass.

So far, so good.

Steve can clearly tell that Billy's relaxing a little, and he leans down to kiss him roughly.

"Fuck, Princess," Billy groans as he feels his eyes roll back into his head, "you're a fucking natural at this."

"What can I say," Steve says breathlessly, "I guess I'm just a slut for your dick."

“Jesus Christ.” Billy rarely hears Steve talk like this; usually he’s the one doing all the dirty talk. “You’re doing a lot of the work here, Princess. Let me take over.”

Steve slows down and gives Billy a questioning glance, but before he can say anything Billy rolls them both over so that Steve is underneath him. His cock slips out in the process but they’d used so much lube earlier that it doesn’t take long for him to bury himself in Steve’s heat.

“Gonna fuck you,” Billy whispers in Steve’s ear as he starts to build a rhythm, heart pounding as Steve’s legs tighten around his waist. “Gonna make you want it all day, every day.”

“Yeah,” Steve sighs, “fuck, yes, Billy. Please-“

Billy growls and lifts one of Steve’s legs before thrusting with everything he’s got, Steve’s pleasured moans driving him on-

“Billy. Oh god, Billy, I’m gonna...I’m gonna-“

“Yeah,” Billy rasps, blood pounding in his ears, “come for me Steve, I’m real close, c’mon baby-“

Steve’s grip on Billy’s hair tightens and it’s almost painful but all Billy can focus on is *Steve Steve Steve*-

When he comes this time, he feels pride instead of shame, because he’s the one who’s made Steve Harrington look like *this*, wrecked and used and fucked. He wastes no time in jacking Steve off as soon as he catches his breath, and Billy finds he’s actually glad he came first because watching Steve’s face as he orgasms is probably the highlight of Billy’s goddamn year.

“Wow,” Steve says once he’s caught his breath.

“Yeah,” Billy agrees, taking in Steve’s dishevelled hair and soft eyes and flushed neck. “Wow.”

They kiss, slowly like they haven’t seen each other in a while, and when they finally part Billy pulls out of Steve gently.

“You ok?” Billy asks as he throws away the condom. “Nothing broken?”

Steve laughs. “A little sore, but your dick’s not that big, jackass.”

Billy smiles and a moment of silence passes between them.

“Just so we’re clear,” he says, tucking a strand of Steve’s hair behind his ear and not meeting his eyes, “this isn’t just sex for me either.”

Steve’s eyes widen and his lips curl upwards, but he doesn’t say anything.

“Yeah,” Billy continues, “so, um. I love fucking you. More than I’ve loved fucking anyone else. But I love all the other shit that goes with it too.”

Steve smile gets wider, as if he’s anticipated what comes next.

“And.” Billy swallows, his heart in his throat. “I love you.”

Billy had told his mother that he loved her a very long time ago, and he can remember the look of pure joy on her face when he’d said it, and now his heart skips a beat at the similar look on Steve’s face.

“You mean that?” Steve whispers hopefully. “You’re not just dicking around here?”

“Not just dicking around, Harrington,” Billy confirms, kissing Steve’s shoulder.

Steve kisses him hard on the mouth. “Good. Because I love you too, Hargrove.”

The sincerity of it gives Billy butterflies in his stomach, because apart from his mother, nobody has ever said that to him before.

“I definitely love the fucking too,” Steve adds. “And I think we should fuck as much as possible to...build up our stamina.”

Billy feels his dick stir again. “I like the way you think, Princess.”

“Maybe...we should make the most of my parents being away and try it in every room of the house?”

“Every room of the house? You live in a big old house, Harrington. That’s a lot of rooms. And we can’t forget the pool.”

“Let’s give the pool a miss. You never know when Jonathan might be out and about with his camera.”

“Alright then,” Billy laughs. “Let’s start with...your dad’s study. I wanna do you on his desk.”

“Woah.” Steve blushes and runs a hand through his hair. “I wanna say no way, but that actually sounds hot.”

Billy doesn’t waste any time in scooping Steve up, ignoring the squeals and protests from the other boy, and slinging him over his shoulder.

He knows now that this is more than just sex, but the sex is the fucking cherry on top.

END